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## TO THE EAGLE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL, AN AMERICAN POET.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,  
Thy home is high in heaven,  
Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
And the tempest clouds are driven;  
Thy throne is on the mountain-top,  
Thy fields the boundless air;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light  
Amid the noontide blaze;  
The midway sun is clear and bright,  
It cannot dim thy gaze.  
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,  
O'er the bursting billow spread,  
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,  
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,  
And the waves are white below,  
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
They rush in an endless flow.  
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
To lands beyond the sea,  
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,  
And thou leavest them all behind;  
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,  
Fleet as the tempest wind.  
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,  
With a shrill and boding scream  
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,  
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath was on thee laid;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread;  
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood  
With the low and crouching slave;  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?  
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,  
To the lands that caught the setting light—  
The cradle of Liberty.  
There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
For ages I watched alone;  
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more  
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,  
And they breasted the unknown wave;  
I caught afar the wandering crew,  
And I knew they were high and brave:  
I wheeled around the welcome bark,  
As it sought the desolate shore,  
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few  
Are a nation wide and strong;  
And danger and doubt I have led them through  
And they worship me in song;  
And over their bright and glancing arms,  
On field, and lake, and sea,  
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,  
I guide them to victory.

## THE BOUGH AND THE BOW.

Thus spoke Mr. Steady—"You know, my dear Neddy,  
I let you do all that you should;  
But don't eat the cherries, don't eat the gooseberries,  
You might as well gnaw the green wood."

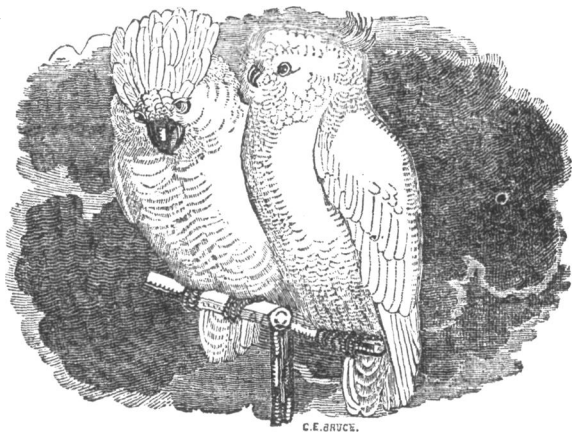
Ned promised compliance—papa had reliance  
On all that his little boy said;  
Ned pass'd the gooseberries, but stopt at the cherries,  
And cried, "Why, I'm sure they look red."

No longer he lingers—a rake in his fingers  
He lifts; and in two of the teeth  
The fruit tries to glean off, but snapt the bough clean off,  
Which falls in the parsley beneath.

Expecting no pardon, away from the garden  
He runs, with the bough in his hand;  
The barn-door he enters, and with a spade ventures  
To bury the leaves in the sand.

In the best parlour window sat Sally Galindo,  
And poor Mrs. Sims with her cough;  
The sofa Ned sat on, but still kept his hat on,  
Not thinking of taking it off.

Papa said, "How now, Sir! why, where is your bow, Sir?"  
(He spoke in a sort of a huff.)  
"In the barn," bellowed Neddy—forth went Mr. Steady,  
And there found the bough sure enough!



## THE YELLOW CRESTED COCKATOO.

In the depth of their bills, the strength and curvature of the upper mandible, and the disproportionate shortness and thickness of the lower, the cockatoos vie with the more gorgeous maccaws, which they also emulate in size, habits, and behaviour. The naked space on their cheeks is, however, reduced to a small circle surrounding each of the eyes; and their tail is short, and perfectly square at the extremity. Their most remarkable character consists in a tuft of elongated feathers, rising from the back of the head, and capable of being raised or depressed at pleasure.

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